

MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR •



June  1911



Yank Meets Yank in Kweilin

WHALT, PADRE! Must have a photo," cries G.I. Joe, and Father Robert Greene of Jasper, Indiana, comes to attention with G.I.'s companion while Chinese friends gather around. Maryknoll mission fields in South China lie near forward air fields of the American Army; G.I. Joe and the hundred fifty Maryknollers in China meet often. The missionaries serve many Yanks and continue to serve their steadily growing Chinese flocks, war notwithstanding.

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The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul

THIS MONTH . . . Maryknoll presents **The Class of 1944**—For Twenty-six, the Priestly Accolade—Page 2—Years of training come to completion. Father Albert Nevins provides biographies in miniature. Father Anthony Cotta, "Father Foto,"



Father Cotta

clicked his camera at a solemn moment shown on page 24.

Modern Camino Real — Page 7 — Father Considine guides us along the great Pan-American Highway to the south, making distant Maryknollers seem closer to us.

The Graham Family — Page 10 — In old New York, or more properly, the lower Bronx, Father Gardner discovers that city-street ball games, swimming off East

River barges, overnight tenting on Rat Island, turned out to be assets in the formation of a young missionary for the jungles of Bolivia.

Anthony Arrives — Page 17 — Father Driscoll, South China pastor, experiences many a heartthrob before his two boys complete safely their road to the priesthood.

Our People Dance — Page 42 — "They would take Radio City by storm!" exclaims Father Cleary. You will agree when you read his description of the Quechua Harvest Dance, performed high in the Peruvian Andes.

Worthy of the Day — Page 38 — Sister Magdalen Mary,

astride a balky horse, and Sister Paula, on an obstinate mule, celebrate Foundation Day.



Father Cleary

Address all communications to **THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR, Vol XXXVIII, No. 5, June, 1944. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. Rates \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879, AUTHORIZED FEBRUARY 24, 1943. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1931. Published by (legal title) Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

CLASS OF 1944 — for 26



Once in a Citizens' Military Training cavalry unit, **Father John Byrne** will find his experience necessary on the missions. A graduate of the University of Scranton, he comes from **Dunmore, Pennsylvania**. He likes music.



The need of priests in the other Americas is known from first-hand observation by **Father John Rudin**. A native of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, he is a happy addition to any of Maryknoll's far-flung missions.



Holding a Commerce degree from the University of Wisconsin, **Father William Moeschler** also studied at Wisconsin Teachers' College. This **Stevens Point, Wisconsin**, priest will take useful talents to any mission.

THIS month, in the temporary chapel at Maryknoll, twenty-six young men will be ordained priests. They are sons of merchants, clerks, printers, firemen, doctors, engineers, and mechanics. Some of them came to Maryknoll shortly after leaving elementary school; others, before they arrived, had graduated from higher schools such as Notre Dame, Fordham, Wisconsin, and Georgetown Universities. Still others attended seminaries for the diocesan clergy before turning their eyes toward the foreign field.

They come from widely scattered parts of the Union — from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, California, Kentucky, New York, Rhode Island, and Maryland, and some are city boys while others are from farming country. Some of them are the sons of parents who were born in the Old World while others are from families that have been longer on American soil.

Now the years of preparation are at an end, and their life of training is to give way to days of crowded priestly action. Widely divergent in background and character, they are united in the universality of the priesthood. Theirs is a story of divine grace, for it is only through the mysterious hand of God that an identical desire should be planted in the souls of so many different men. It was this same spiritual ambition

which brought them to Maryknoll and united them in a common spirit and purpose.

When these young men first came to Maryknoll, they planned their future life in the Far East. They pictured themselves creating new Christian settlements, planting the seed of Christ in souls that never heard of Him, bringing a new way of life, revitalizing the spiritually sterile with new visions and new hopes. But war has changed all this.

At the request of the Holy See, Maryknoll has moved into Latin America, an act which required a certain reorientation of thought among our missionaries. No longer were they to create; instead, they were to fill a void. To lands emptied of priests, they go to bring the Sacrifice of the Mass, the sacraments of Christ, the way of Christian education; and this not to people far removed from Christianity, but to men who, without leaders, without schools, in spite of ridicule and even bitter persecution, have performed the miracle of remaining steadfast in their faith over barren years.

In a few short weeks, many of the newly ordained priests will be leaving for the missions. Others will take up special studies and duties in this country. We congratulate the Class of 1944. May they serve in the same generous spirit as their brothers who have gone before them!

Rated as one of the better high school football players in New England, **Father James McNiff** won a scholarship to Boston College, only to leave The Heights for Maryknoll. He comes from Peabody, Massachusetts.



When it comes to mission building, **Father Robert Kearns** will know how. He once worked in the contracting business. A native of New York City, he attended Mt. St. Michael's and Fordham University.



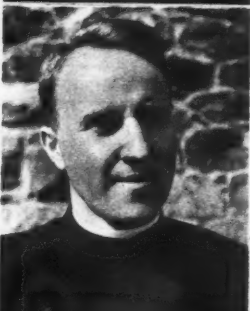
Father William Homrocky once attended Cathedral Latin School at home in Cleveland. A good student, this tall, robust Ohioan prepares to bring "glad tidings" to some of the world's waiting millions.



CLASS OF 1944



Father Thomas McDermott has been in Maryknoll since graduation from St. Stephen's School in Worcester, Massachusetts. He is the nephew of Maryknoll's Father James McDermott.



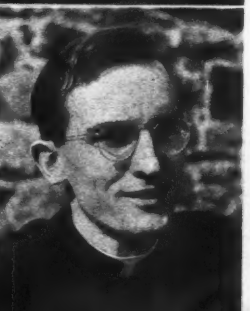
From San Francisco comes **Father James Connell**, who received his academic degree at St. Joseph's College in California. He once worked as an assistant road surveyor.

Convert to the Faith and graduate of Georgetown University is **Father George Putnam**, who worked in Wall Street for several years. He is a native of New York City.



First to come to Maryknoll from Huntington Seminary on Long Island is **Father Charles Girmius** of Maspeth, New York. While at Maryknoll he directed the Seminary orchestra.

Father Joseph English, of Newburgh, New York, graduated from Notre Dame. His athletic ability gave fine background for his seasons as counselor at Maryknoll's Camp Venard.




Before a missionary finished talking at Buffalo's Little Seminary, **Father John Jensen** decided to enter Maryknoll. This Buffalo (New York) priest is experienced in boy guidance and youth organization.




A chance meeting with Bishop James Anthony Walsh, founder and first Superior General of Maryknoll, brought **Father James Hughes**, of Little Neck, New York, to Maryknoll.


(CONTINUED)




Father George Painter lived in Cleveland, Buffalo and Pittsburgh, but calls **Salisbury, Maryland**, home. A graduate of Buffalo's Little Seminary, he has two sisters Presentation nuns.




Father Edward L. Fedders has twelve brothers and sisters; three are Benedictine Sisters and one a Maryknoll missionary in South China. He is a native of **Covington, Kentucky**.




Father Michael O'Connor lives in **New York City**. A good photographer, he uses either still or movie camera. He will find outstanding subjects for both in the mission field.



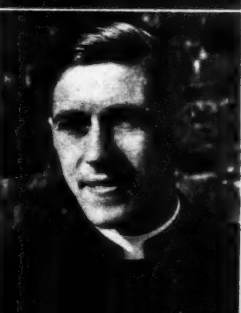
Son of a distinguished physician, **Father John Waldie** graduated from Fordham University. His six brothers are serving either God or country. His home is **New York City**.



A graduate of Pius X School of Music is **Boston's Father Paul Sommer**, Seminary organist for several years. He attended Boston College High before coming to Maryknoll.



A student of Gregorian Chant, **Father James McCloskey** directed the Seminary's choir and glee club. He also likes to write poetry. **New York City** is his home town.



Brother of a Maryknoller in Chile is **Father Charles Cappel** of **Norwood, Ohio**. A good student, he was invited to become a member of the French Club in Cincinnati.

CLASS OF 1944 - (CONTINUED)



From the old parish of Mission Dolores in **San Francisco**, comes **Father Jerome Garvey**, who brings to other lands the Faith that the Spanish missionaries brought to ours.

Father Richard Allen has been in Maryknoll thirteen years. A leader in dramatics, he makes Shakespearian plays and tradition a hobby. He hails from **Providence, Rhode Island**.



Father Richard Downey of **Yonkers, New York**, came from New York's Dunwoodie Seminary. He should contribute much to the success of any mission in which he is stationed.

Cathedral College in Brooklyn is the alma mater of **Father Hugh Byrne**, loyal son of **Brooklyn (New York)**, who is a cousin of Most Rev. Edwin V. Byrne, Archbishop of Santa Fe.



Father Joseph Flynn has the honor of being the first priest ordained from his **Cleveland (Ohio)** parish. He attended Cathedral Latin School before coming to Maryknoll in 1935.

Cincinnati (Ohio) is represented by **Father Thomas Well- inghoff**, who attended Elder High School, where he played halfback on the same team with Notre Dame's great Joe Thesing.



Modern Camino Real

by JOHN J. CONSIDINE

A DREAM highway, now very near completion, is to run from Chile and Argentina north to Alaska. The main route through South, Central and North America will be over fifteen thousand miles long, four times the journey across the United States. This is the Pan-American Highway, talked about for generations, begun at the Pan-American Convention in Chile in 1923, and now a reality except for certain difficult links where mighty mountain chains and strips of jungle balk the builders.

There have been great roads before on the American continents. Some of the routes of our country's pioneers which stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific were celebrated. There was the "gold road" in South America which was begun by the Incas to unite one tribe to another in Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador and parts of Argentina and Chile long before the Spaniards came and which was extended north by the Spaniards to the Caribbean to carry ingots of Inca gold and silver to the galleons waiting to sail for Spain.

The Old Camino Real

THERE was, then, that enchantment-bedecked road north from Mexico through California as far as San Francisco, the royal road of the Spaniards, which still bears the title it enjoyed in its heyday, "El Camino Real." Along its route lay that line of marvelous mission stations which marked its richest life, the remains of which today cast loveliness over Cali-

For your list of post-war autotrips: Alaska and way stations to the tip of South America — 15,000 miles! You'll see sights, but also millions of needy souls on this longest American trail.

fornia's expansive countryside.

"El Camino Real" was a mission road and so likewise will be the Pan-American Highway, apart from any missionaries who may traverse its course. For the modern road will

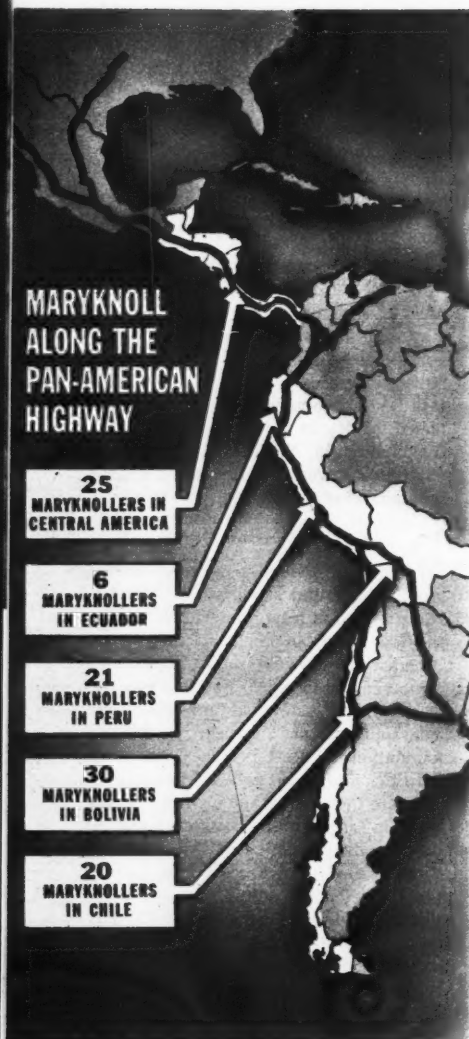
mark out for us the pulsing life of each South American people along its way and remain ever a reminder of the missionary task begun in Spanish days, not yet completed, calling in these latter times upon the Church in North America to join hands in achievement with confreres in the republics south of the Rio Grande.

Fifteen Mission Bands

MARYKNOLL today has fifteen mission groups, large and small, working in territory served at least in a general way by the Pan-American Highway. In Central America there are five such groups: three composed of Maryknoll Fathers, and two of Maryknoll Sisters working separately. The southernmost of these is the new foundation of the Sisters in the Canal Zone.

In Ecuador is the sixth group, while in Peru are the seventh and eighth — a tiny house in Lima with a goodly gathering of Fathers about Puno and Lake Titicaca. Crossing the Lake, we are in Bolivia where there are four foundations, that of the Pando outdoing all others in size, not only in Bolivia but all along the line. In the Pando another group of Maryknoll Sisters is found, this time working with the Fathers.

In Chile, finally, there are three other



groups stationed in the hills away from the coast, all south of Santiago. Almost ten thousand miles of the Pan-American Highway extend south from Maryknoll's northernmost group in Central America to Temuco, its southernmost center in Chile. More than a hundred Maryknollers are scattered along this line.

These few Maryknollers are but a symbol; they are reminders to us of millions of charming and warm-hearted people, most of them within the bosom of the Church because they are baptized, but lacking priestly guides and leaders. This is to be North America's contribution. We are to help in the spiritual pump-priming until these Catholic millions, meeting their own needs by raising up thousands of priestly sons of their own blood, will one day be in a position to carry on alone.

Know the Neighbors

WE MUST come to know our South American brothers by reading true stories about them, meeting them, praying for them, aiding them as members of our own family. In the United States today there is a colossal ignorance of South America. Our more thoughtful people, both Catholic and non-Catholic, are convinced that a new day must dawn in their regard.

A committee of ten university professors working under the initiative of the American Council on Education has just prepared a statement on what our textbooks in the United States say about Latin America. A single paragraph from it will help us to see how far honest men believe we are from possessing the true picture of the peoples to the south of us.

"A serious matter," says the statement, "is the widespread perpetuation in our teaching materials . . . of the 'Black Legend' of Spanish colonial inaptitude, cruelty, faithlessness, greed, and bigotry. The 'Black Legend' (*la leyenda negra*) is a term long used to denote the ancient body of propaganda against the Iberian peoples which began in sixteenth-century England. . . . The legend naturally took a strong hold in the anti-Catholic England of the Elizabethan period, and was thus a part of the colonial heritage of the United States. . . . The prejudicial and inaccurate comparison of English and Spanish colonies which still persists in our elementary school histories will illustrate the continuance of *la leyenda negra*. . . . This prejudice has greatly diminished in the present century, but it is still too strong and pervasive. . . . The elimination of the

legend and of its effect on our interpretation of Latin-American life is one of our major educational and scholarly, as well as political, problems."

It is a very promising sign that leaders in our secular universities should thus call out loudly that America repair the past. Certainly we Catholics should not be found wanting in proper knowledge of and regard for our fellows along the Pan-American Highway.

●
WANTED: 50,000 books — Maryknoll some day hopes to have a library which will be outstanding in America as a center of mission studies. If you have a book or a collection of books which you hold dear, we shall be happy to receive such a gift for our library. Address all such to: MARYKNOLL LIBRARIAN, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK.

The modern Pan-American Highway, like California's ancient El Camino Real, will in its turn serve hosts of twentieth century missionaries of Latin America





New York's Mrs. Graham (fourth from left) and four of her children

The Graham Family

by ROBERT W. GARDNER

IT WOULD be hard to find a better training school for rapid action and crisp repartee than New York's East Side. Every street is a playground; and when the last school bell has been rung, the paved, canyon-like thoroughfares become actively, vociferously, and densely populated. Stick ball is the most prevalent diversion. No housewife dares expose her broom to juvenile appropriation, for fear that she will look out the window and see its amputated handle transformed into a baseball bat. Hopscotch, handball, marbles, tin-can polo, house-playing, G-man antics, and arduous argumentation play second feature to the curb-to-curb baseball diamond.

Strangely, "cab jockeys" and truck drivers seem never to grow impatient of

the traffic tie-ups caused by the games. Perhaps the situation is too much a part of their own memories, or else their own kids may be at the same kind of games in another part of the city. In the middle of this symphony of enthusiastic sound, Mrs. Graham raised her splendid family.

Far-Flung Family

Two of her boys, Thomas and Dennis, are in the Navy. Dennis was working at his father's trade, as a printer, and was twenty-two when he went to Naval Training School at Boston. He is now on a destroyer and has sailed around the waters of Trinidad and Ireland. Thomas slipped into the service about a year ago, and is on a boat somewhere in the Pacific.

Ronald was the first to enter the service. He went into the Coast Guard. The last message came from Ronald about a year and eight months ago. He said that it was "very cold" where he was, but since then nothing more has been heard.

Ambrose, the oldest boy, is a Maryknoll missionary down in Bolivia. Mary, the only girl, lives at home with her mother.

Waist-line Attack

MRS. GRAHAM gave me all this information in about three minutes flat. It was very nice of me to come and visit her (she said), and would I like a nice piece of chocolate cake?

"Oh, no, thanks, Mrs. Graham," I said. "I'm not a bit hungry."

A few minutes later I was sitting beside Mrs. Graham, looking out the window at the kids who were playing pavement hockey with a strictly priorities tomato can, while I worked on a delicious piece of chocolate cake — a waistline threat.

The street below was like a ten-ring circus. Suddenly the street population drifted over to one corner to a fistic altercation.

"How were the Graham sons with their dukes?" I asked.

"I think, without boasting," laughed Mrs. Graham, "I know more cures for a black eye than any other New Yorker."

The houses along the Graham block are all built of brick. They seem to be cast almost to the same mold but the tint and color of the bricks vary with every home, and as the afternoon sun hits the facades, the street looks like a section of an artist's palette.

"But in the summer, the boys spent most of the time swimming," she continued, after a pause. "They had a lovely place down at the end of the street. I used to take them down myself when they were babies, so that they'd get the nice sea air

and learn to feel at home in the water."

The "end of the street" was the swift, traffic-laden channel where Long Island Sound funnels in between Manhattan and Brooklyn. I think it is the most splendid view in America. Near where the Grahams live, the Harlem River cuts the Bronx from the rest of the city, and miles upon miles of shining railroad tracks line the shore. Dingy barges nose in against the docks, and hempen-bowed tugboats that look like bearded ale drinkers, push up waves of white foam from the murky water. Heat and power plants thrust their chimneys high in the air like fistfuls of grimy fingers, and the hungry fuel loaders — large, gaping, steel jaws — swing lightly through the air from slender cables. The river, at this point, is deep and dangerous.

"Weren't you afraid to let the boys swim in that water?" I asked.

"Afraid?" She laughed again. "Why, Father, you could throw those boys in any kind of water, and they would bob up like balloons."

Rat Island Camp

THAT brought up the subject of Rat Island. The name of the island is not recorded on the map; it was christened, for obvious reasons, by the children of the neighborhood.

"The children often camped there over night," she said, "especially in the summer, when the nights were warm."

"But how," I asked, "did they get over?"

"Oh, they'd swim over. It isn't very far," she said; "only about a mile."

There was the sound of a key turning in the front door. "This is Mary, coming home from work."

After a greeting I said, "Mary, can you swim over to Rat Island?"

She laughed at the memory, and her eyes had the same dance and fire that I

had seen in her mother's. "I did it a few times," she said, "but generally Mother and I would go over in the boat."

"So," — I turned to the mother — "you were holding out on me. You didn't tell me anything about the boat."

"Oh, it was a fine boat! A rubber one. You could pack it up in a little canvas bag when you were through with it. Mary, haven't we a picture of the boat?"

Mary rummaged in the desk drawer for a few minutes and brought out a small snapshot. It was a light kayak and Mrs. Graham was being piloted through the Sound by her son Ronald.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you would risk life and limb in a little paper bag of a boat like that?"

"I'll have you know, young man," — there was a twinkle in her eye — "that there was not a better boat on the Sound."

"What was it made of?"

"Oh, some nice, waterproof cloth that the boys stretched over a wooden frame. Why, Father, we wouldn't be afraid to go to Ireland in that boat. And of course," she continued, "the children were swimming all around it when we went anywhere, so I always knew where they were."

The picture of the Harlem and the East

Rivers seemed to fade out, and I caught a vision of the River Beni, in the Amazon land of Bolivia, where the oldest son, Father Ambrose Graham, is working as a missionary. I knew, as soon as I saw his mother's eyes, that Ambrose had had a training that would fit him for anything in the swampy jungles where he will, God permitting, spend the rest of his life.

"Wonderful Setup"

LAST May he sent a letter from his mission. "I have a wonderful setup here," he wrote. "After a little coaxing and a little training, the Indians are coming along nicely. The group of Indians with whom I am presently living has not had a very pleasant history. They tried to kill a priest with ground glass a few years ago; and a short time before that, another priest walked on a poisoned arrow that the witch doctors had planted in the road for him."

I wondered about the effect of such information upon Mrs. Graham; in fact, I was somewhat perturbed when the subject arose. My concern, I found out later, was entirely wasted. She knows, without any doubt, that her children are competent and that they are fearless in a sensible sort of way. As long as they were safe in the

Seaman Dennis



Seaman Ronald



Seaman Thomas





Mrs. Graham and Ronald. . . . "We could sail to Ireland in this"

East River, she is not going to worry about Father Ambrose in a "second-rate creek like the Beni."

Snake Charmer

THE episode of the giant snake seemed to make Mrs. Graham very proud of Father Ambrose. Many of the Indians within his mission limits make a living by cutting rubber through the jungle plantations. Among the living creatures of the jungle, the thing that strikes the most terror into their hearts is the boa constrictor. The huge snake has a disheartening habit of coiling around a luckless animal and crushing it to death. Bolivian Indians have a salutary fear of its strength.

In one plantation, a boa had been seen on several occasions.

When Father Graham heard the story, he figured that, if Saint Patrick could rid Erin of all crawling things, he, a descendant of the Saint's followers, could get rid of one thirty-foot boa constrictor which, incidentally, did not appear.

"The snake," the villagers said, "will not go near the Padre. He is afraid, as the Devil is afraid of holy water."

The workers went back into the plan-

tation, knowing that they had a man among them who would act fearlessly.

On the New York street, down below, the children were still busy at their games and I thought of the Maryknollers who had been brought up in the great archdiocese and are now scattered over the globe. Thirty-six priests there are, as well as fifty-six Sisters, five auxiliary Brothers and fifty-seven students. The sidewalks of New York are a vast, limitless, drawing ground for the missionary clergy of the world.

As I emerged from the Grahams' house, a youngster came towards the curb.

"Hi, Father," he said, "want to knock us out a few?" He offered his club to me.

"I can't do it today, Bub," I said (which was the absolute truth), "because I've got a kink in my arm." (Which was a downright lie.)

"Well, will ya ump for us, huh? Will ya, Father?"

And from the impatient pitcher: "Hey, c'mon, Jerry, batter-rup! Mebbe Father don't play no baseball."

I went off stage on the last line, feeling vastly incompetent.

Ruin Comes on Wings

by MARK TENNIEN

Frightful curse — ravaging clouds of locusts, billions in number, devour the fields of a large area in China.

CHENGCHOW shopkeepers rushed into the streets, wiping their hands on their dirty aprons; ricksha coolies stopped dead and blocked the traffic; all these, and the excited pedestrians stared up anxiously at the oncoming cloud of locusts, which meant doom for the autumn harvest. Old ladies promptly lit candles and joss sticks, jabbing them in clusters at each crossroad. Devout Buddhists thumbed their beads in supplication. Pious Catholic women fell to their knees and crossed themselves. But the ruthless invaders came on and on, in waves and swarms.

Letters from relief workers and the detailed stories of Monsignor Megan, Bishop of Sinsiang, Honan — who witnessed this devastation of the land — describe the destruction, and the frantic efforts of the afflicted people to combat the winged hordes.

Farmers ran to tie tassels of old rags to long poles and wave them over their crops to stop the enemies from land-

ing, and also to scare them quickly away.

After a few hours, the futile resistance of the people was overcome by the ever-increasing numbers of the enemy. Some farmers sat despondent by their fields and wept; others threw their banners and joss sticks down in disgust, and started cursing the cruel fate that had given them flood and famine the year before and locusts this year. Helplessly they watched the wanton enemy ruin their crops, for locusts work fast.

Resistance Futile

LOCUSTS land on a millet field in the evening, eat away every leaf, and by morning have gone — leaving only skeleton stalks. They swoop down on corn fields, eating away the tender leaves and the silks from the ears. They race through the bean fields, eating the flowers. They

stream down the rows of cotton and through the fruit trees, eating the tender stems while the cotton bolls and the fruit fall to the ground. What they actually eat is meager; what they destroy is measureless.

In a few weeks, a second scavenging corps — this time, a youth corps — the offspring of eggs laid in gullies and dry mountain streams — appeared from the mountains to attack the fields that had been missed by the regulars.



Father Tennien of Chungking



**The farmers swatted, burned,
and caught them in nets;
still the locusts swarmed**



**Missions became relief sta-
tions and served rice gruel to
foodless thousands**



Bishop Megan tells how he rode out on his bicycle to witness the coming onslaught. Each turn of the wheel crushed dozens of the locusts crawling in his path. Their wings grew and they took on strength; then they, too, went on a rampage of ruin.

The officials offered a bounty for every pound of locusts killed. The people swatted; they burned; they smothered. They shot muzzle-loaders into the swarms; they beat drums and gongs to scare them away. But still locusts came, to devour the crops

and defy the people's ceaseless efforts.

Westerners will perhaps remember 1943 for the invasion of Italy, or the retreat from Stalingrad, or the destruction of the German cities. Honan will not think of those events, will not remember Japanese bombings and the cruelties of the occupying army in parts of her province, will not recall the bandits or the heavy taxes; but for those men and women left in Honan, and for their children, 1943 will be remembered as the year of the great scourge of the locusts.

Letter of the Month

One evening our Father Lawler, in Cochabamba, Bolivia, picked up the local newspaper and found in it the charming little composition which we give below. The Maryknoll priests felt quite elated with it; here was at least one person, a youngster of thirteen years, into whose heart the newly arrived Padres had burrowed deeply.



PADECEITOS DE MARYKNOLL

Por la campiña de Calacala hay una mancha que se extienden hacia todos: blancos y puros como sus almas. llevan ayuda al pobre, remedio al enfermo, curación al niño y consuelo al triste. Auténticos servidores de Cristo, van levantando un templo que es verdaderos Casa de Dios, ya que allí no hay mercaderes y es el templo de la CARIDAD y DEL AMOR. AIN al niño, semi desnudo, recibió la ropa que hoy cubre su cuerpo; allí recibió pan el mendigo, y las niñas que en su hogar no tuvieron el regalo de Navidad, lo recibieron allí. Flores de alegría. Y hoy quienes han recibido la propia sangre de otros, sangre que ha salvado ya tantas vidas.

Hijos: Cuando pasas por una campaña, no debes de acercarte a ellos, para recibir el ejemplo q' debes imitar en tu vida. Así tu camino estará lleno de luz, la LUZ de la VERDAD, que ha de alumbrarte siempre; mientras otros, por un camino oscuro, ciegos de vanidad, pasan por encima de todos las miserias humanas sin detenerse. Andar tú, como esos padecidos de Maryknoll, ayudando en tu camino a todos los que allí encuentran y te guían, y entonces nunca podrás sufrir el más horrible castigo de la vida: LA SOLEDAD.

Schierzada.

(Sección escrita por un niño de 13 años)

TRANSLATION:

Our Dear Maryknoll Fathers

IN the fields of Calacala, there are hands that reach out to all; white and pure as are their souls, they give help to the poor, medicine to the sick, affection to the child, and consolation to the sorrowful. True servants of Christ are building a temple which is really the House of God, because there are no mercenaries in it, and it is a temple of *Charity and Love*. There the child, half clad, received the clothing that today covers its little body; there the beggar received bread; and the children that had not received a Christmas present in their homes joyously received one there. There are some who have received even blood from them [this refers to several blood transfusions]; blood that has already saved so many lives.

Little one, when you pass through this place you must not fear to approach them, for you will receive an example to imitate throughout your life. In this way your path will be full of light, the Light of Truth that must always enlighten you. While others, walking a dark path, blinded by vanity, pass over, hurriedly and without stopping, all the miseries of life, you must go on, as these dear Maryknoll Fathers do, helping all those whom you meet on your way, so that you will not suffer life's most terrible hardship, *loneliness*. —SCHIERZADA

Anthony Arrives

by JOHN J. DRISCOLL

"NOW I begin the apostolic work for which I have been preparing many years."

So writes Father Anthony Tsoc in a letter which recently came from him. And believe me when I tell you that this is one letter that I prize, because Father Anthony and I had been going through "these many years" together; he, preparing for the priesthood, and I, waiting impatiently for the day when Anthony would be returning home to read his first Mass in the parish church in Chongpu.

You will understand the eagerness with which I was looking forward to this event, when I tell you that, in the history of our parish of Chongpu (Long Plain) founded in 1878, we had still to record an ordination to the priesthood of any boy from the parish.

And so, two dates in the history of our parish are to be red-lettered: 1878, the year of foundation, and 1943, the year the parish made its first contribution to the native clergy in the Kaying Vicariate, when two boys from the parish were ordained to the priesthood: Father Anthony Tsoc and Father Joseph Lee. I might add another date that could be recorded. That would be the year

Here is a tale of the heart. What emotional ups and downs Father Driscoll experienced to turn out his priestly sons!

1928, when Bishop Ford entrusted the parish to me. And this reminds me of something I heard the

Bishop say seventeen years ago.

Establish the Church

"YOU are over here, not to make converts, but to establish the Church." Observing my reaction at this upsetting remark, the Bishop explained that he had no intention of interfering with any convert-making plans I had. But if the Church in China was to take root and flourish, it would be necessary to concern myself with finding vocations for the priesthood from among the flock to be entrusted to my care.

The Bishop himself had set us an example, for only two years after he had established himself in Kaying in 1925, he

built our preparatory seminary. With him, first things come first. My arrival brought the number of priests in the Kaying Vicariate up to nine: eight Americans and one Chinese, an 8 to 1 ratio. Today there are forty-one priests on the Kaying roster: thirty Americans and eleven Chinese, a 3 to 1 ratio. And so Bishop Ford is on his way to realizing what he stressed in his talk to us in 1927,

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Does more than one copy of THE FIELD AFAR go to your home? If so, won't you please help us in our paper-shortage problem? Here's all you have to do: clip the name and address from each copy received, and send them to us with word that one copy is enough. We'll then extend your subscription an extra year or two. Thank you.

the establishment of the Church in the territory under his jurisdiction.

And now when you are praying for the missionaries in the fields afar, ask God to bestow abundantly His grace so that the youth in those mission lands will respond to Christ's invitation, "Come, follow Me." It is not uncommon in mission countries to find young men who desire to be priests, but who, because of circumstances, might not be given the chance to serve God as priests.

Anthony's Dilemma

FOR instance, there is the case of Father Anthony Tsoc, the Chinese priest from whose letter I quoted. In February, 1928, I met Anthony for the first time. He was in the sixth grade in school. During the course of that year, Anthony told me that he would like to be a priest.

"Fine!" said I to him. "And just as soon as you graduate, I'll ask Bishop Ford to admit you to the preparatory seminary."

"But it isn't going to be so easy, Father."

"Yes, yes, I know the studies will be harder, but I am sure you will be able to master them."

"It isn't the studies I am talking about, Father; what I mean is that it isn't going to be easy to get my parents' consent."

"*Ai ya*," said I, "and now what would be keeping them from giving their consent?"

"Well, you see it is this way, Father. Years ago I was espoused to Lucy Tchong,



Father Driscoll — many woes made the final victory sweeter

and my mother and father are counting on my marrying Lucy."

And does that surprise you? A fourteen-year-old youngster faced with a matrimonial problem, or should I say a problem how not to be married?

"I'll explain to your parents that you don't want to get married; that you want to be a priest."

"But that isn't the only obstacle, Father. You know that my father has only two

sons, and that I am the older son, what we folks term the First Son. According to our customs, the First Son is meant to succeed to the management of the Family upon the death of the father. First Sons are not supposed to cut themselves off from the Family."

"Have you ever talked this question over with your father?"

"No, I haven't, Father, because I figured that my father couldn't consent to my wish."

"Come now, Anthony, that is no way to obtain your heart's desire! One of these days, you must speak to your father."

Mr. Tsoc Demurs

AND after that talk with Anthony, I was quite enthused over what I was sure was going to be Chongpu's first vocation. Little did I realize, though, that neither Anthony's wishes nor my entreaties would be able to alter what Anthony's father considered the "fitness of things." And there was something else that I didn't realize: this question of Anthony, a First

Son, going on for the priesthood was of concern not only to the immediate family; this was a matter about which the whole clan of Tsoc was concerned. It takes years of residence in China to make one appreciate the relation of the individual to the clan.

I approached Anthony's father, I don't know how many times, but he remained adamant. I had told the youngster to say a prayer to Our Blessed Mother every day, asking her to arrange matters so that he could be a priest. I, too, prayed for the same intention. And then came the year when Anthony graduated from the parish school. His father still refused to entertain the idea of his son becoming a priest.

Because of the financial condition of the family, I knew that Anthony would not be able to go to high school, but I suggested to the father that a boy of Anthony's promise should continue his studies. We could take care of the tuition; and with Anthony studying, there was a circumstantial opportunity that in time his father would come to accede to the boy's wish. The father was delighted that his son was to have the opportunity of a high school education.

And so Anthony was off to a high school, in the city of Kaying, ninety miles away. He resided at Aquinas Hall, the hostel established by Bishop Ford to house Catholic students from out of town.

Father Driscoll Wavers

DURING his high-school years, neither Anthony nor I had abandoned the idea of his becoming a priest, nor had his father given up his opposition to the idea. Then came the last half of Anthony's final year in high school and my faith began to waver. I am not sure of this — too many years have come between — but I have a confused recollection that I prayed only half-heartedly for Anthony's intention — praying, maybe, but thinking that there wasn't much use in praying.

At Aquinas Hall the Bishop got to know Anthony and one day said something to Anthony about being a priest. The boy explained everything to the Bishop, and told him that I had approached his father many times on the question. "Well now," said the Bishop, "in October I'll be going to Chongpu for Confirmation and I'll have a talk with your father."

Came October and the Bishop. I sent



word to Anthony's father that the Bishop would like to see him. The old gentleman was delighted. It wasn't everyone in the parish who got the chance to have a private chat with the Bishop.

Mr. Tsoc Consents

THAT night at supper, the Bishop broke the news. Anthony's father had given consent for his son to enter the preparatory seminary! Of course I was delighted beyond expression when the Bishop told me, but the good news was also a reproach to me. You will recall that as the boy's high school course drew to a close and his father showed no signs of weakening, I had not been praying for Anthony's intention with the confidence that should accompany prayer. I remembered that the Lord had told us, "Knock and it shall be opened to you"; but I had failed to remind myself that nothing had been said about how long we might be kept waiting for the opening.

And so 1943 was the year I was pointing

for: when the two boys from the parish would be returning home to read their first Masses in the chapel where they first served at the altar. But things didn't turn out as I had been planning them. The war kept Father Joseph Lee in Rome, where he had made his studies; and I wasn't present when Father Anthony Tsoc read his first Mass in the Chongpu chapel on July 4 of last year. For fifteen years I had been looking forward to that event, only to find myself here at Maryknoll when that day arrived. It was a keen disappointment.

And if only my guardian angel did not have such a good memory! Every now and then he taunts me with, "You didn't deserve to be present at Father Anthony's First Mass!"

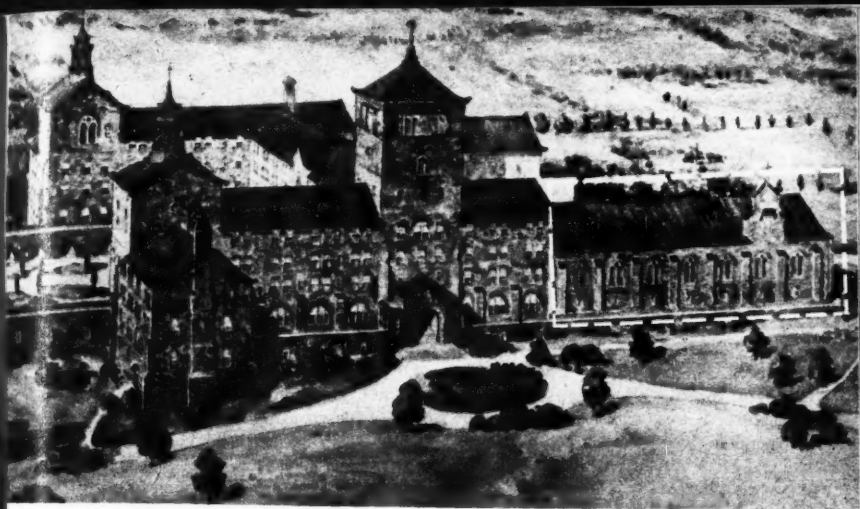
"And why not?" say I, and a little sharply, too.

"You forget, do you," says this angel of mine, "that towards the end you were not praying for Anthony's intention with the confidence you should have had?"

And now what can I answer to that?

Bishop Ford smoothed the way for young Anthony and ordained him last June





THE MISSING CHAPEL

SOME DAY after the war is over, you will, we hope, be able to visit Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson and find something that is very much missed now: the permanent Seminary chapel.

Frankly, we haven't what it takes to turn our plans into a building.

We are purposely refraining from any drive for funds to build the chapel. We are confining ourselves to the simple announcement of a goal suggested to us by a very

good friend. He said he felt sure that there must be, throughout this country, 500 friends of Maryknoll who could and would give \$500 each towards the chapel.

Do you know of anyone who would be interested in giving that amount or any portion of it? . . . Any gift, no matter how small, will be most welcome. . . . For further information, please write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!

WE HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

Persons sick, 1,913
Persons deceased, 976

Persons in the services, 1,132
Other special intentions, 2,887

MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



HOW true is the Gospel saying that the enemies of a man are those of his own household. There are times when it is an act of faith to send foreign missionaries to disturbed areas, yet the missions of heathendom have seldom had cause to fear any such reprisals as have been visited upon the churches of Christendom. The Church must inevitably face some opposition among the pagan populations of mission lands, but it has yet to face opposition so cruel and large-scale as it has encountered among the Christian nations of Europe. When priests are massacred by the thousands in Spain, uprooted and exiled in Poland, silenced and imprisoned in Germany, and not suffered to put foot in Russia, it becomes relatively mild and much less alarming to find them hampered by small restrictions and annoyed by unsympathetic reactions throughout the regions of the missions. We do not know what to expect in the mission fields after the war. But surely there is no reason to anticipate anything like the severe repression and outright persecution that we have witnessed in Christian lands, and we can safely count on these strangers being much kinder to us than those of our own household.

What They Miss

TIME was when the lonely missionary was an accepted figment of the popular imagination, more or less on a par with the long-haired poet and the loquacious barber.

People apparently liked to think of him as a man bereft of human companionship, who spent his life floundering through trackless jungles and stranding himself on solitary isles; and this in spite of the fact that the very nature of his vocation is to be an ambassador perpetually surrounded by great masses of men. Strange conception that completely reverses his role and attributes to him as typical the one condition he almost never knows. Whatever else he is, he is not lonely — at least not in the ordinary course of the mission work that makes him widely known among the teeming populations of his adopted countries, and if at all, then only on his infrequent returns to the haunts of his childhood, where he wanders betimes amid the canyons of civilization, unknowing and unknown.

What then does the missionary miss? Does he regret the dinners and parties he tried so hard to evade when he was with us? Or is it the convenient bus on every corner, the omnipresent movie, the snatched newspaper, the ready cup of coffee, the thousand and one little appurtenances of life as he knew it?

There are times and moments when the latest newspaper would mean a lot to the missionary, and there are circumstances in which he might go to extreme lengths for a cup of coffee. But these things he misses only partially and temporarily, not acutely and permanently, and soon indeed he

misses them not at all. The things he really misses are of an entirely different category. One of them is understanding. He finds that he cannot expect this form of sympathy for his plans, until his people understand the nature of the religion that determines his plans. He may enjoy the toleration accorded by good men anywhere, but he is denied the cooperation supplied by Christian civilization everywhere. Another item is freedom. When he takes up residence in a pagan country, he learns that his rights depend upon the favor of friendship, and are not necessarily guaranteed by government and law. Security and peace complete the little litany. These are the things he misses. He would gladly exchange all the pleasures of his former life for a bit of understanding. He prefers freedom even to coffee. And he would give all the movie shows in the world for a little peace.

In short, he misses the very things he comes to give — the blessings of Christian civilization. And he is willing to miss them for a time, so that his people may eventually possess them for all time. That is what makes him a missionary.

The Boomerang

IN DAYS not long past, the people of the modern world heard little about self-sacrifice for the sake of others and much about self-expression at the expense of others, little about the sacred rights of the weak and much about the survival of the strong, little about the sanctity of law that closed the door to most dangers and much

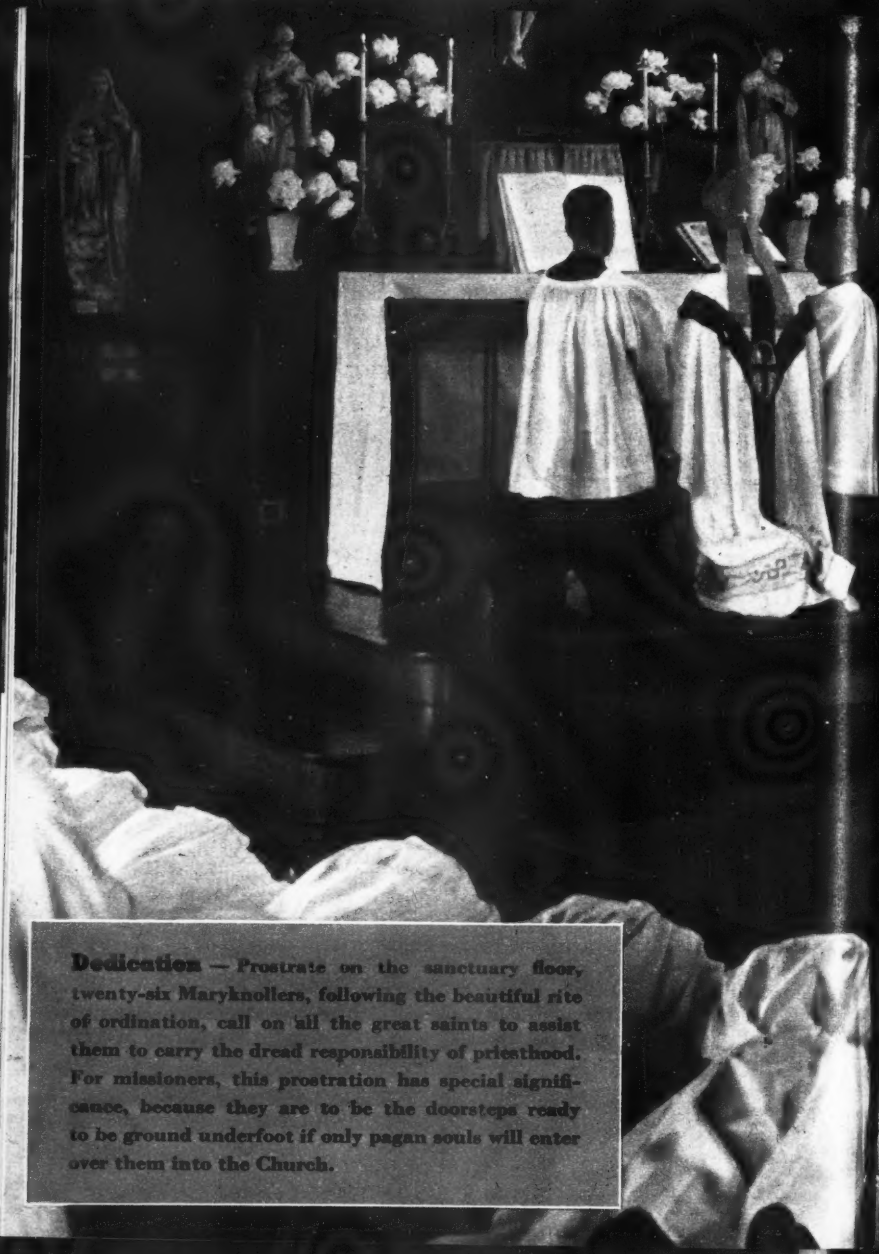
about the relativity of morality that opened the way to every villainy. This common mental attitude may have been nothing more than a device to lessen the boredom of the piping times of peace, a human escape valve to blow off psychopathic steam in the silly season; but if so, it surely illustrates the awkward consequences that may ensue from this sort of pastime. There is always the danger of being taken seriously.

What interests the missionary is the fact

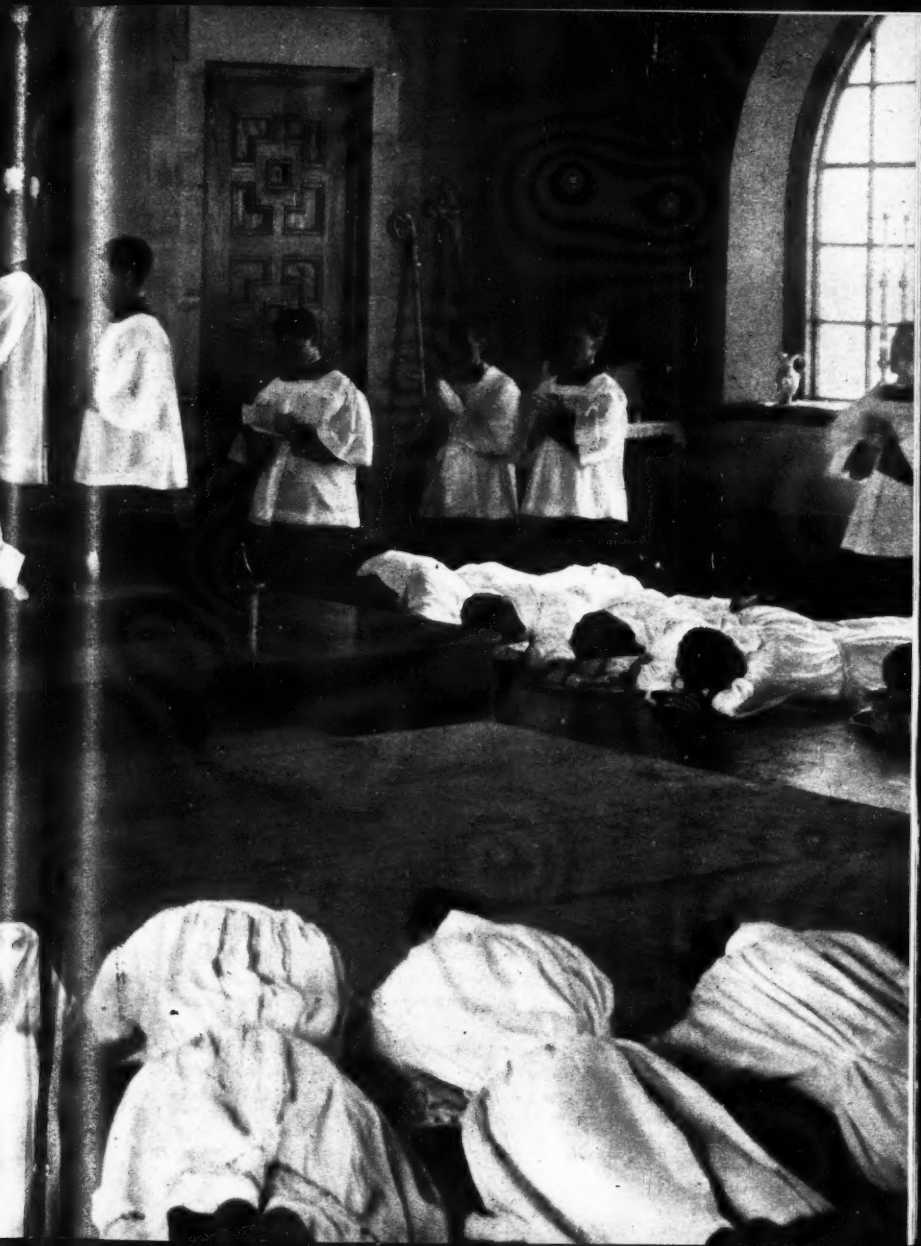
that it was not the people to whom he was sent who preached these doctrines — however much some of them may have acted on them — but it was the people who sent him. It was his own people in Christian lands who invented all the talk about might making right and virile races inheriting the earth, while the old-fashioned pagan civilizations never produced

any worse ideologies than vague appeals to ancestral custom and vaguer ideals of universal peace. The power of abstraction is a gift that belongs to the Christian West alone; ideas are at once its exclusive possession and its heavy responsibility. But others can pick up dynamite when the explosive is recklessly bandied about, and something like this happened in certain parts of the world. It would be wiser to preach in peace the same fundamental truths we all swing back to when we are confronted by war. And it would support, rather than retard, the missionary, who makes it his business to preach these truths everywhere and all the time.





Dedication — Prostrate on the sanctuary floor, twenty-six Maryknollers, following the beautiful rite of ordination, call on all the great saints to assist them to carry the dread responsibility of priesthood. For missionaries, this prostration has special significance, because they are to be the doorsteps ready to be ground underfoot if only pagan souls will enter over them into the Church.





Words Don't Mean Anything

by WILKIE GORDON

FATHER FARRINGTON was not doing so well on the uphill roads. Not that he was fat. True, there was a certain thickness about the profile of his torso, but it could not, strictly speaking, be called obesity. Long hours at a desk, in a laboratory, and before a class had not contributed greatly to the toughness of his muscles, but they had, conversely, permitted a slight lateral expansion of flesh. To Father Farrington, golf was a waste of time and any form of athletics belonged to the foolish whimsey of undergraduates. For Father Farrington had been a professor — a biologist, to be exact — and it was only recently that he had been given the oppor-

tunity to put aside his chalk and textbooks to fulfill a lifelong ambition and become a foreign missionary.

He was new — if a professor can be new at anything — at the task of catechist — and he found it very difficult to be free and chatty with the South American Indians among whom he was living. Not that he was unfriendly towards his parishioners. On the contrary, he was very fond of them, but when they asked him even a simple question he found himself becoming professorial and somewhat solemn. The Indians stood in awe of his perfect diction, and they shifted uneasily from one foot to the other while he spoke.

When, for example, little Armando's dog had been killed by falling from a cliff, the child had run to the Padre, simply because he wanted to cry and wanted somebody to be sorry with him. But Father Farrington took the body of the dog and explained to Armando just what bones had been broken and how it would have been impossible for the dog to live. When he had finished, the child looked at the dog as if it were a strange beast. He hadn't known anything about the bones inside of his dog. All he had known was that the little fellow was friendly and lovable.

Armando thanked the Padre very politely and then ran home to cry in his mother's lap. The mother simply said, "Sha, sha, *Ninito!*" and the child was comforted.

Of course, "Sha, sha," doesn't *mean* anything, and Father Farrington would be among the first to realize that fact. But therein was his trouble. His words always had to *mean* something. He was formal, precise, and pedantic. In short, he was a professor to the very marrow of his bones. He was also the soul of kindness, and he wanted to be a good missionary more than anything else in the world.

At the crest of the hill, he came to a halt to survey the scene below. A little group had gathered at one spot, absorbed in watching some activity in a ditch alongside the road. Pedro was there and a little brown dog was barking with a happy, yapping sound. As soon as the dog sighted the priest, he left the ditch and bounded towards the stranger. At the same moment, Pedro and a little boy came running.

"Good morning, Padre. It is a nice day for a walk, no?" Pedro's hat was in his hand, but his persuasions were divided between the Padre and the ditch.

"It was a lovely walk, Pedro. I enjoyed it very much." Father Farrington gave his

perspiring forehead a mopping and was completely oblivious of the fact that his words had made a complete wreck of the Eighth Commandment.

"You know Arturo, Padre? This is Arturo."

Pedro's young companion turned briefly and said something that vaguely sounded like, "Bnasdiaspadre," and continued to watch the ditch with eyes popping.

"What is going on in the ditch, Pedro?"

"Oh, come and see!" Pedro replied. "A snake is trying to kill a pig."

By the time they joined the spectators the reptile was catching its second wind, and was intent upon the business at hand. As the struggle began again, Tompo, Arturo's dog, introduced himself to the foray and he darted in to take a nip or two out of the closest available flesh.

"You'd better look out, Tompo," Pedro warned him, but the puppy was intent upon his business.

Just then, the pig released his hold, to take his chances on clamping his jaws around a more vital spot. The reptile's tail whipped loose like a flail and gave Tompo a sound cuffing. After that, Tompo remained on the sidelines — the noisiest of spectators.

As soon as the snake was free, the porker began a second attack. The dust rose as the snake coiled and struck again. But this time the porcine teeth found a better point of vantage and the snake, still wiggling, gave up his serpentine spirit. Immediately the porker began to feast on the spoils of the battle, even before the spectators continued on their way along the road.

"You think the pig will die, Padre?"

"No, Pedro," the priest answered. The classroom diction was unconsciously creeping into his voice again. "Snake bite will not harm a grown pig and

besides, that snake was not poisonous."

"No?"

"No. It looked to me like the harmless *pituophis sayi*."

"You don't say, Padre! Arturo, you hear what the Padre say? I bet you thought it was a snake that had the fight, but that was no snake; it even had no poison in its teeth. You understand now, Arturo?"

"Si, Pedro. Si, Padre," Arturo said. The boy pondered a minute and then spoke again. "But Pedro," he said, "that kind of snake bit Carlo's little baby, and the baby, he died."

"No, that cannot be, Arturo." Pedro became a defender of education. "You heard the Padre. He said that the snake was not a snake, and he had no poison in his teeth. It must be something else."

"That's right, Pedro. Maybe the baby had a bad cold. You think so, Pedro?"

"Must be," replied Pedro, who knew from past experience that Father Farrington was a difficult man to get up against in an argument. Of course he liked the Padre very much, but sometimes the professorial words that flowed out went beyond Pedro's basic vocabulary, and he generally decided that it was much easier on his brain to agree to everything and keep his mouth shut.

There were baptisms that night in Chica, because it had been many months since the priest had been able to visit the village. Confessions followed, and instructions for the young people. The priest prepared his bed out in the open. Nearby, helping to fix the outdoor altar for the next morning, were Pedro, Arturo, and, of course, Tompo, who had formed an affectionate regard for the priest. In fact, he had followed at the mis-

sioner's heels all through the evening.

Heavy with weariness, Father Farrington-slept almost immediately. Tompo sat beside him and seemed to speculate on whether or not it would be worth while to hop up and occupy the meager space that was left on the narrow cot.

Suddenly the dog began running around in circles and yapping shrilly. He was in a high state of excitement.

"Be quiet, Tompo!" Pedro called without looking around. "You will wake up the Padre. The Padre is very tired; he has walked many miles today."

Arturo, more curious than his companion, looked over towards the dog—and stood as if frozen. His voice, husky with fear, rasped out, "Pedro, look quick!"

Coiling into position beside the priest's cot was a long, colored snake of the same species that had attacked the pig. Its head was on a level with Father Farrington's body. The slightest movement on the part of the priest would cause the serpent to strike.



"Be quiet, Arturo. I will hit him with this club."

Pedro held a thick heavy branch in his hand and tried to maneuver between the snake and the sleeping priest in order to attract the reptile's attention. When the snake saw the danger it slowly lowered its head to the ground and slid under the cot and off towards the jungle. The ice seemed to melt out of Arturo's body, and he breathed more easily.

"Pedro," he said, "the Padre told us that the snake had no poison in his teeth. Why did you drive him away? He would not hurt; the Padre said so."

"I don't know, Arturo. But maybe the Padre has a bad cold like Carlo's baby."

At that moment Father Farrington awoke and looked up at Pedro, who was still holding the club. The priest smiled and said, "You were not going to wake me up with the stick, were you, Pedro?"

"Oh, no, Padre." Pedro seemed embarrassed and held the club behind his back. "Another snake was here, Padre, and I was going to kill him."

"Snake?" the missionary said, sitting up. "Where is he?"

"He is right over there, Padre," and Pedro pointed to where the little dog was prancing and barking. The snake was coiled once more, ready to strike.

"Quite harmless. Non-venomous," said Father Farrington and yawned luxuriously. "Tompo! Here, boy!"

It was Arturo calling, and the little brown dog turned to see where the voice was coming from. Immediately the snake struck. He hit with such violence that Tompo rolled over in the dust, and then ran howling towards his master.

Father Farrington hurried over to examine the little dog's injury, and noticed a little trickle of greenish fluid running down the brown fur. Almost immediately, the puppy's whole body began to swell in horrible distortion. Mercifully this was short-lived, and soon Tompo stopped breathing. Arturo brushed his grimy hand across his eyes, and Pedro was silent.

Father Farrington reached out and put his arm around the younger boy's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Arturo. He was such a nice little dog."

Arturo buried his face in the Padre's cassock and began to cry with huge, choking sobs. Father Farrington held him close and spoke soft words of comfort to him.

"Don't cry, Arturo. Sha, sha. It was my fault: I told you that the snake was harmless. Hush, hush, my boy! Be a big fellow like Pedro. That's the boy! Here, blow your nose in this."

Nobody knew, not even Father Farrington, when the transformation took place. The priest realized, all of a sudden, that nothing was important except the comfort-

ing of the little lad who had lost his puppy. By some power of telepathy — either human or divine — he was able to experience the inner feelings of Arturo. The sense of loss, so trivial in itself, made a profound impression

upon the heart of a man who had always been the sharp-minded professor. His sorrow was not academic; it was as warm and vital as the blood that flowed in his veins.

The story of the dog made the rounds of the village before Mass had started in the morning. Strangely, the sympathy of the people was for the priest. Of course, they mentioned Arturo and his little dog; but when they spoke of the Padre, it was with more than usual warmth. With their native keenness of mind, the Indians knew how difficult it was for a man like Father Farrington to be wrong — so completely, obviously, and publicly wrong.

They liked him for it. They were especially happy when they saw him, with Arturo close by his side, talking and laughing with the young folks of the village. And the priest seemed to know that something was different; his job was easy now. He felt like the man in the Gospel, whose tongue had been loosed.



An arrogant man invites injury; a humble man draws favors.—CHINESE PROVERB



These young priests are impatient for the word — and the fare — to “Go!”

Apostles of Tomorrow

SHORTLY after your postman brings this issue of *THE FIELD AFAR*, the young men above will be part of a group of twenty-six Maryknollers ordained to the priesthood. After a brief visit home, many of them will be assigned to distant countries.

Why do they leave home? Simply because Christ said, “Go!”

In the heart of each of them is the conviction that theirs is a privilege — an opportunity to bring the peace of Christ

to the great body of mankind which is spiritually if not materially in want. They go to make permanent the victories won on the battlefields.

If *you* cannot give *your* life, will you see that one of these young men reaches that corner of the world to which Maryknoll, in the name of the Holy Father, assigns him? We need \$500 to pay for the equipment and fare of each. Any gift, large or small, will be most welcome!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

I am interested in helping to equip and to send your new group of missionaries to the fields afar. Enclosed find \$..... towards the \$500 needed for each of them.

My Name.....

My Address.....

MEN OF MARYKNOLL



Sidewalk Dentists — "You are probably wondering what worries us during these times in beleaguered China. In general, I should say it is only very small things — wondering if the filling in that back tooth will last for the duration, for example. Every other man you meet these days has a toothache, or a tale of medieval experiences with the sidewalk dentists. Those who wear glasses and have no spares, worry plenty. The Mass wine will last at the present rate of use — half a teaspoonful. In the seminary we burn wicks in tin tubes of peanut oil, in place of candles. There are a lot of amusing economies; Father Charles Murphy says he takes a bath every day but uses soap only on Saturdays. Everybody seems to be able to thrive on an all-native diet and profit by the lack of coffee."

— *Father George L. Krock,
of Cleveland, Ohio,
now in Kaying, Kwangtung, China.*

Reason for Thanksgiving — "When I told the Bishop of Puno that seven or eight more priests would be coming this year, we were seated, together with the canons of the Cathedral and other priests. Immediately, the Bishop got to his feet, announced the news, and had all recite a *Pater, Ave*, and *Gloria* in honor of the Virgin, in thanksgiving."

— *Father Arthur C. Kiernan,
of Cortland, New York,
now in Puno, Peru.*

Bicycles at \$30,000 Each — "To own a bicycle these days puts one in the same class as a rich man. A new 'bike' is worth at least \$30,000 (national currency). Those who have bicycles use all means to see that no one borrows them: chains and locks and various devices are employed. In one place I even noticed that, after the 'bike' had been chained and locked, there was another chain by which it was fastened to a telegraph pole. The owner, of course, wasn't a Calamity Jane, but he valued his bicycle."

— *Monsignor John Romaniello,
of New Rochelle, New York,
now in Kweilin, Kwangsi, China.*

Remedy for Ticks — "I shed no tears as the last garapata left. Let me describe a garapata: it is a parasitic scoundrel, a pesty tick that gets into the skin, and braces its back legs, and digs. I must have picked up a thousand of the pests on a trip to the only village — a tiny one — on this island. The remedy suggested by the natives was to chew tobacco, spit the cud into water, and then apply the cud to the skin. This remedy caused the exhaustion of this Padre's cigarettes — and nothing more. Back I came to town, garapata-riddled and beset by an annoying itch that lasted for three weeks."

— *Father James G. Greene,
of Woodhaven, New York,
now in Central America.*

World Christianity

by PETER COSMON

FOR ALL OF LIFE AND
ALL OF THE LIVING

CATHOLICS represent 15 per cent of the people in the world and by God's commission to the Church they are to be the leaven in ideals for the remaining 85 per cent of mankind.

Of course our principal and most precious hope is to lead all men to full acceptance of Christ. Nevertheless we do not forget that we have a duty of brotherhood to all men, and this brotherhood is not conditioned on whether these men are Christian or non-Christian or whether they are friendly or hostile. "If you salute your brethren only, what do you more?" Christ asks us. "Do not also the heathens this?" (Matt. 5:47)

Even among mission lovers it is sometimes forgotten that by the basic principles of Christianity the primary motive of our concern for our neighbor is not his need, either spiritual or material, but Christ's mandate of brotherhood. Our neighbor may not be in material need. The princes of India, for instance, have wealth that tops the possessions of most of the rich men of the earth. But our duty of brotherhood is the same toward the Indian prince as toward the Indian peasant. We feel greater happiness, possibly, in brotherhood with the poor man than with the

rich, but it is principle and not sentiment that has its say in these things.

Humble Fellowship

IN AMERICA we give generously, of both ourselves and our possessions, but we are apt to assume almost unconsciously an attitude of superiority over those to whom we give. There are many educated Chinese who feel galled by mission work in China, not necessarily because they oppose Christianity but because Western nations have assumed an air of superiority in dealing with the Chinese due to generations of missionary campaigning in Western homelands to raise funds to relieve Chinese want in so many forms.

Insofar as this attitude of superiority is present among us, we see illustrated the harm which comes from insufficiently high

ideals in mission work. Our basic relationship with our fellow man is not one of condescending aid to him because we are powerful and he is weak, because we have possessions and he is in want, because we are white and he is colored, because we are "evolved" peoples and he is "backward," because we are

Christian and he is pagan. We seek a gracious, humble fellowship with him because God has laid it down as fundamental: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." At the moment we may have material or spiritual possessions which he lacks, but this gives us no right to arrogance or vanity. On the basis of the inher-



ent dignity in every human soul, we are to live with all men on terms of human equality.

Padre Ruiz's Hogs

THE story is told that in ancient days when Catholic Spain was in a ferment for the conversion of the Indians, Padre Antonio Ruiz de Montoya knelt at prayer one night and saw in his mind's eye a great South American plain, across which priests in white drove herds of hogs through a church door. Entering into the church's dim confines, his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and he was astonished to find that here were not herds of hogs, but crowds of Indians all kneeling, their faces toward the great altar.

It was a warning, Padre Ruiz related, not to belittle the Indian, to remember that God loves the creatures of the open spaces even as the noble Castilian.

It was a warning to all good men to possess their gifts in truth. We accept the Chinese, the Japanese, the peoples of India, Africa, the Americas, the islands of the sea, as our brothers not through any feat of heroic charity. We do so through the conviction that in all truth they are our brothers, labeled in the sight of God as equally worthy with ourselves.

World Christians

MANY an American family has had members in the armed forces scattered among peoples of every continent on the globe. We know families that have members in South America, Italy, Africa, India, China and the South Pacific and young lady members with the armed forces in other areas.

It is easy for us today to have a world view, and natural for us as Catholics to want our views to be truly Catholic, to represent the ideals of World Christianity. Education to World Christianity is the systematic cultivation in children, young folks, and adults of: (1) a knowledge of and regard for the peoples of the earth, our brothers in Christ, and appreciation of our responsibility to promote the welfare of all mankind according to Christian ideals; (2) devotion to the Church's task of carrying to all non-Catholics and non-Christians Christ's teachings and life of charity.

In this ideal of World Christianity let us note three elements in particular:

- (a) *Carrying Christ's teachings to all non-Catholics.* Calling Protestants to Christian unity, is one of life's obligations.
- (b) *Carrying Christ's teachings to non-Christians.* Again one of life's obligations.
- (c) *Devotion to the Church's task of carrying to all men Christ's life of charity.* The Church recognizes its obligation of fraternal charity toward all men, regardless of race, color, or creed. We exercise this fraternal charity not only when men are in need, not only in times of great sorrow or catastrophe, but always; in the normal living of our life on earth, we are to be humble and friendly brothers with all men.

There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither slave nor freeman; there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus.

— GALATIANS 3:28-29





Exchanging quips with Seminary wits kept Mr. Berger very much on his toes

Knoll Notes

Night Court to Seminary

NOT long ago, we welcomed to the Seminary Mr. Meyer Berger, feature reporter of *The New York Times* and collaborator with Father James Keller in the writing of *Men of Maryknoll*. Mr. Berger seemed to enjoy his introduction to our Seminary practices. At dinner we noted his keen eyes scanning one hundred and seventy seminarians busy at their plates. We hope that, in spite of the voracious appetites, he found evidence that more "Big Joes" and "Iowa plowmen" are in the making. Later, he made a tour of our classrooms, chapel, and recreation room, and then joined us for a few minutes' chat.

Teamwork for the Lord

In September, 1915, as oldsters at Maryknoll remember vividly, two scholarly and energetic young Dominicans,

Fathers Callan and McHugh, joined our Seminary faculty. During the past twenty-nine years, they have made invaluable contributions to the training of missionaries and in the field of letters.

These deans of our professorial staff will celebrate their fortieth anniversary of ordination to the priesthood next year, but there is little to indicate that they are approaching the scriptural three-score-and-ten. Father McHugh modestly admits an occasional twinge of arthritis, but Father Callan scornfully denies all.

Paper is Precious

Such was the reverence for the printed and written word in old China that special receptacles were provided so that every morsel of text could be carefully placed, to be disposed of under fitting circumstances. We, too, have great respect for the written word, but just now we seem

more interested in the paper than in the writing. Our magazine, trimmed down to minimum size by wartime restrictions, makes us particularly paper-conscious. Hence, Maryknoll seminarians handle with zest the sale of wastepaper collected each week on our hilltop. Of course, there is a little profit, too, which is not to be disdained by people like ourselves who are supported by the nickels and dimes of working folk. We only wish we could perform the miracle of turning our bales of scrap into fine white sheets for printing additional copies of THE FIELD AFAR.

Fr. Callan (seated) and Fr. McHugh probably preparing another book

Seminarians Schneider and O'Brien baling wastepaper for the war effort



On the Mission Front

Grace Finds a Way



Father Grondin

I HAD a wonderful experience yesterday while visiting a boy of about eleven, to whom we had taught a bit of catechism in school last year. He has been sick with a bad tetanus

infection. His parents have little use for the Church because of the bad influence of the school director, who is an atheist and evolutionist, among other things.

As I went in to visit him, the boy kept repeating "Padre! Padre!" despite terrific and painful attacks.

His parents had carefully avoided letting him know that he was gravely sick, but he startled them by saying he knew, and that maybe he would die. He was not afraid, but said he hardly knew how to pray; and he asked to be allowed to make his First Communion, just in case something would happen. The school director, in whose house the boy lives, wasn't too pleased, but I requested everyone to leave me alone with the boy.

I found he had remembered a surprising amount of the truths we had told him in school, and that under the circumstances he was perfectly ready for his First Communion. So I heard his confession and then administered Viaticum and Extreme Unction. The clan got to crying while the

boy bravely offered his sufferings for himself, his family, and his friends. May the director be touched by his share of the graces!

The boy's condition has not changed, and he goes on more bravely than any of his family. The attacks bring on horrible contortions. He rests only when someone leans heavily on his little body to prevent him from doubling up.

— Father J. Gerard Grondin,
of Westbrook, Maine,
now in Cobija, Bolivia.

Reporting Progress

CATECHUMENATES in the country are rather difficult to run these days. It is hard to get men to study, as they are either in the army or away from home, earning money to support their families. It is difficult to support a family by farming alone, so most of the men are doing other work on the side. Home catechumenates are about the same but must be run at slack times. We had 86 baptisms from a catechumenate in July, in Laipo. At present four of four missions are running home catechumenates.

We opened one new mission in Patpo. Maryknoll Sisters are stationed in Kweilin and Laipo; Chinese



Father Regan

Sisters trained by the Maryknoll Sisters are in Chuanchow, T'ung An, and Laipo. At Laipo our Maryknoll Sisters are running the convent for native girls while the Chinese Sisters do the mission work. We shall have three postulants for the native Sisters this year, and twenty-nine girls in the school. In the probatorium we have seven boys. We sent two boys to the Tan-chuk seminary this year, for higher studies, so we now have four there.

— *Father Joseph W. Regan,
of Fairhaven, Massachusetts,
now in Laipo, Kwangsi, China.*

Bolivian Wampum

Boys began work again, and the men started a roaring fire in our brickkiln. This brickkiln, so far, is just another "noble experiment." We began it in April when we decided that the new church and rectory here should be of adobe and tile. At that time, with no one in the vicinity having any knowledge whatever of the making of bricks or tiles, we were not so sure how the experiment would turn out. We have now advanced, still in the same predicament, but with about four thousand handmade bricks and tiles at stake in the oven! It has, however, been interesting.

At first the bricks would not stay together long enough to dry out, but now the workmen have managed to get them all safely into the oven. And even the building of the oven was just a guess. We obtained all the advice we could, but it



Father Fritz

wasn't much, so most of this work, too, has been experimenting. But so far it has turned out very well, and this cool weather is certainly ideal for the big fire. Everybody wants to work

down in the "brickyards" now. But it will be another week yet before we know whether the experiment is really a success. Meanwhile the other works all continue.

— *Father Gordon N. Fritz,
of Newport, Minnesota,
now in Cavinás, Bolivia.*

New Horizons

THE road took us up 10,000 feet, and a panoramic vista of miles and miles of grandeur spread out in all directions before us. This is the place that we have picked as the ideal mission territory, not because it is beautiful, but because it is so mission-like and because the need is so great. There are few roads in this section. Most of the towns and villages can be reached only by horseback. The population of 176,000 is almost entirely Indian, scattered over an area of 3,000 square miles. This area is very nearly the combined size of Delaware and Rhode Island. At present there are only three priests in the whole section, one of them being old and sickly and therefore unable to do much active work. This, then, is mission country of the first order. These mountains need more than simple priests; they need missionaries.

— *Father Clarence J. Witte,
of Richmond, Indiana,
now in Central America.*



Father Witte



Sister Magdalen Mary (right) and Sister Mary Kateri — equestrian missionaries

Worthy of the Day

by SISTER MAGDALEN MARY McCLOSKEY

BEHOLD! a community of two, with a brand-new mission in the wilds of Cobija, plotting a celebration worthy of the morrow's anniversary — the Foundation of our Congregation.

Sister Paula, nobly shaking off the weariness of the day's round of sick calls, suggested we take inventory — an efficient way, certainly, of finding out how much nothingness one had with which to do something. Forthwith, we inventoried. The total was: three rooms, shorn of all distracting furnishings save the monastic board, two beds, and chairs, cooking and eating utensils; the dispensary, and our one claim to luxury — a shower (the inverted-barrel type with perforated base through which water is pumped); a larder, minus vegetables, plus starchy foods.

In the end, it was the view from our porch that gave inspiration—long stretches of hills and jungleland, where live not only beasts and reptiles but human beings,

souls we are here to seek and serve and save. We decided that tomorrow we would take a long-contemplated trip through this region to see a far-famed family.

Quite a Problem

RENTING horses (we do not own our own yet) was quite a problem. After much negotiating, the following quadrupeds were delivered to our door: a mule of questionable disposition, and a horse — high, wide, and cream-colored. Sister Paula and the mule being of proportionate size, coupled off together, leaving the Trojan and myself as partners for the day. Not far out of town, the mule began a series of sit-down strikes; but with his mistress, R.N., administering an antidote of switchings in large doses, he finally rose to the occasion.

Some distance from our goal, we were met by one of the young girls of the family, a dark beauty, riding bareback. She led the way to the ranch, where we were wel-

came by the entire household. The family has twenty members: the parents, fourteen children, and four adopted children. The two oldest girls conduct a school at home, teaching their own brothers and sisters and the neighbors' children. Once a week Father goes to this ranch for catechism class. He gave First Communion in the house last fall and has celebrated two nuptial Masses there.

Trojan Takes a Fall

THE same young girl who had met us in the morning, came part way home with

us, too. She galloped ahead, opening gates for us and shooing off the steers that ventured too close. We had the thrill of riding through a deep stream, and I had the added one of remaining affixed to Trojan when he stumbled and fell in a hole.

It was a glorious ride home. Just as we clattered into town, a light rain began to fall. With Benediction offered for the *Madrecitas*, our first, and exceedingly happy, Foundation Day in Bolivia came to a close. A hundred miles across the jungleland, our other Sisters were commemorating the Day. We wondered how!

MARYKNOLL SISTERS,
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

I will send you, as soon as possible, a U.S. War Bond* or Stamps, to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

My Name

My Address

*Bonds for the Maryknoll Sisters should be registered under their legal title: Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. Only Bonds in Series F and G may be registered in the name of such a corporation.

Sister Mary Paula Sullivan, R.N., (left) and Sister Mary Mercy Hirschboeck, M.D., Maryknoll doctor and nurse, on their daily visits to the sick in Bolivia



Friends in the Service

Son of Warriors

CHANG is the name of a great fighting family in China. It is not surprising, then, that Paul Tsun T. Chang, Technical Sergeant, joined the Army in 1942, shortly after obtaining his Master's degree in Civil Engineering at the University of Chicago. Our Father James McCormick informs us that Paul is a native of Tientsin, China, and was graduated from *Hautes Etudes*, the Jesuit Engineering School in that city. He keeps in touch with Maryknoll through Father McCormick.

It's a Small World

FATHER JAMES GILLOEGLY who is chap-

Cpts. John Wax and Edward Lawlor are medicos in battle-scarred China



Paul Chang — Airman

lain to the Fourteenth Air Force, the successors of the Flying Tigers, sends us this photograph of two doctor friends of Maryknoll. Captain John H. Wax, of Detroit, looks after the ills of the Air Transport Command. Hard as it is to get mail to China, Doctor Wax succeeded in obtaining a copy of *Men of Maryknoll* — probably the first man in the Orient to receive one.

Captain Edward F. Lawlor, of Lawrence, Massachusetts,

the other medico, is Father Gilloegly's squadron doctor. A close friend and neighbor of Bishop Raymond A. Lane, he recalled attending the Bishop's consecration, in Lawrence, just four years ago. The fact that Bishop Lane is interned in Mukden, Manchuria, was the only thing that deterred the doctor from making plans to visit him now. Father Gilloegly writes:

"Many of our service men are intensely interested in finding Maryknoll missionaries whom they knew at home; some of them had been to Maryknoll on the Hudson. One used to play ball against us in Seminary days. One inquired for the location of Father Lawrence Conley whose cousin he married in Lowell, Mass.

"Another was Father Raymond Hanrahan's brother-in-law. Father Hanrahan is stationed here in China. It is hard for our soldier boys to realize the vastness of China and the inaccessibility of many places where our missionaries are located. It would indeed be a pleasure if I could take them around to the missions."

Brothers Meet Brothers

STRANGE things happen in these strange times. Henry Collins, sergeant in an Anti-

aircraft Battery, hailing from Philadelphia, met Vincent Migliazzo, private first class, from Los Angeles, while both were on a furlough from their camp in California. These two have an interest in common, for each has a brother in the senior philosophy class at Maryknoll. Fortunately, before they parted, they had this snapshot taken. Now Henry is somewhere in the Pacific area, training his guns on ravaging Zeros; while Vincent is laboratory technician with a Malaria Survey Unit, ready for action at any moment.



Jack Weldon — Seabee

Seabee Sightseer

SEABEE JACK WELDON, Brooklynite, of the First Construction Battalion, now home on furlough after twenty-three months in Guadalcanal, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, New Zealand and some of the nameless atolls of the Pacific, was greatly impressed with the efficient job the missionaries in those areas are doing. On a certain atoll, he came in contact with Maryknoll's Father John Callan, who (after returning from prison camp in Hongkong) returned to the Pacific area as a chaplain.

Fold It Lengthwise

INCLUDED in the red-letter days of the missionaries' calendars are those upon which he greets a visitor from the home land. Lt. Thomas F. Monaghan of Fall River, Mass., writes, in a recent letter, of an old home week in China:

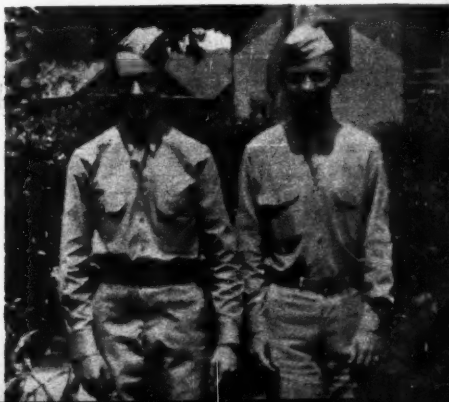
"I am in China — perhaps you might say, not of my own doing — but I am here. Since my arrival, I have met two of God's favorite sons, Father Joseph G. Cosgrove,

M.M. and Father Edwin J. McCabe, M.M. I correspond with another, Father Peter Reilly, M.M. and only today had a letter from Bishop Ford, M.M. As a matter of fact, I am living in the same room with Father Cosgrove and I hate to think of how much more difficult life in China would be without him. I know that our squadron, Catholics and Protestants alike, would feel lost without his ever present smile and good word.

"Recently I had a copy of THE FIELD AFAR sent to me by my mother and it took but eighteen days to reach here. The secret of mailing time being shortened is to fold it lengthwise once and put it in a size eight envelope, with six cents postage, first class.

"I had the pleasure of visiting Father McCabe's mission a couple of months ago. The credit for finding him belongs to two young Chinese boys, who were so overjoyed to be riding in a jeep that I thought they were taking me the long way around."

Soldiers Collins and Migliazzo of the same unit have brothers in Maryknoll





Our People Dance

by DONALD CLEARY

IT WAS the *fiesta* of the patroness of the church of Ayaviri, high in the Peruvian Andes—the Nativity of Our Blessed Mother, September 8. Quechua Indians, first cousins of the sun-worshipping Incas, had come to pay their respects to their queen.

From the colorful crowd, emerged a group of dancers. The musicians struck up a tune, and the dance was on, an original figure, simulating the landlord and his workers, the sowing and the harvest.

Slowly the workers formed and danced around the circle, first one and then an-

Masked musicians strike up a tune



Open fields, our Indians' ballroom



All over South America the Indians have marvelous folk dances. Father Cleary describes a complicated harvest dance in Peru which entranced him and other onlookers for more than three hours.

other breaking off to secure his implements of labor. From huge baskets of reeds, the women filled their skirts with corn and potatoes, while one woman placed on her shoulder a huge urn of *chicha* — the native drink. When all were ready, the men slowly marched to the field about to be planted. The women followed, heads bent and shoulders sagging.

When the field was reached, the men began to dig their furrows. The landlord rushed among them, belaboring them with his cane and urging them to greater speed. The women followed the men, planting in alternate rows the corn and potatoes.

Tools were cast aside. While the women continued to dance, the men made several small fires and lay down to rest. The women then prepared a meal, which was eaten with loud songs and great content.

When the meal was concluded, various figures, signifying the care of the fields, the fall of rain, and the growth of the seed, were performed. Slowly the tempo increased, until all were furiously stamping and whirling about. Then suddenly the music stopped and the dancers, wearied by their toil, sank exhaustedly to the ground.

Then once more the landlord burst upon the scene. The harvest was ripe. For the workers, there could be no rest. Slowly, wearily they rose. The men laid bare the earth once more, and the women gathered the potatoes and corn. When the distribu-



Bare feet are no handicap to this Quechua dancer with her intricate steps

tion was to be made, the women emptied their skirts in piles upon the earth: five for the landlord; for the workers, two.

Slowly, resignedly, the women gathered up the workers' share. The men, realizing the unfairness, whirled about in futile anger as the landlord forced them to carry his share to his home. Finally, relieved of burdens, the workers ended their dance with complicated and joyous steps in praise of God for His bounty.

So for three hours, the dancers, weighed down by heavy garments and numerous silver ornaments, had continued the dancing, at the elevation of two and a half miles, without any signs of fatigue.

Men Wanted, Tough Job

A New York business man who has paid many visits to Maryknoll sent us the lines which follow. When this gentleman was young, his ambition was to become a missionary to China, but circumstances changed his course in life. He now has two sons in the United States Naval Air Force. Certainly, he has a high ideal of what a missionary should be.

* * *

MEN WANTED

— for the toughest job in the world !

If you are between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, of sound mind and strong body —

If you have a sense of humor and common sense, intelligence, and courage —

You may be the sort of man we want to train to be a missionary.

It is no job for the timid. Missioners go unarmed onto battlefields, to minister to the wounded and dying. They go into plague-stricken cities, into leper colonies, into flooded areas, into famine country — to organize rescue and relief.

It is no job for a snob. Important, cultured people will be among your friends, but many of those you serve will be uneducated, unwashed, quarrelsome; some may seem to be your enemies. It will be your task to teach them right living, moderation, patience, and the love of God.

It is no job for those of feeble purpose.

You will meet neglect, indifference, discouragement, sometimes active hostility. You must overcome them. If you fail, you must go back and back and back until you succeed; if you do brilliantly, your reward will be other and harder tasks.

Why do we tell you such bad things about the mission job? Why do we make it sound so hard?

Partly because it is hard; chiefly because the only man with a chance to become a missionary is the man who gets fun out of doing hard things.

Not many fellows really, deep down in their hearts, want to be test pilots, or yellow-fever researchers, or polar explorers. There's too little profit, and too much risk, in such work. But some choose it. We want men like that.

Not many care to become social workers — to spend their lives helping the unfortunate, the stupid, the exploited, the drunken and sick and criminal, protecting fools from their own folly; yet some do. We need men with that sort of love and pity in their hearts.

We need men who can go on. Missioners are God's shock troops, the commandos among all the Christian soldiers. They clear the way, they take the beachheads, they are highly trained to do what others cannot do. When this war shall be over, its commandos will return to their friends and their homes; but the missionary's war will go on as long as he lives.

But missionaries are cheerful; they aren't grim. The work must have a good side.

Yes, it has. Winston Churchill, when he became Prime Minister, promised the British only blood, sweat, toil, and tears. In due time, the British knew what he meant; yet they are satisfied. They are a happier, healthier, stronger people than they had been for decades.

We promise you a hard, laborious life, a dangerous life, far from home and friends. Yet you, too, will find it satisfying.

For in a world where most men are destroyers, you will be a builder; where most compete, you will co-operate; where most are in turmoil, you will be serene.

You will not envy riches, for you will always have what you need. You will not miss home and fireside, for all mankind will be your family. Leaving old friends, you will find new ones wherever you go.

You will feel God's hand on your shoulder; and the strength of the hills will uphold you until your task is done, and the Wisdom that guides the stars will guide you when you call upon It.

You can turn this page, and put it aside, and forget it, if you wish to.

It is a challenge, of course, but no one is under obligation to answer it. If you are of the 99,000 out of every 100,000 men, you should certainly not answer it.

We want you only if you know, deep down inside you, that you are the other one. We want you only if you choose yourself.

For further information, write to:

THE VOCATION DIRECTOR,
THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

Three-Minute Meditation

"Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature."—ST. MARK, XVI:15

IN THESE days, when men are becoming more and more conscious of the whole world and all mankind, it seems very important that we, the followers of Jesus Christ, should constantly examine ourselves to see how much in earnest we are in bringing Him to "the whole world" and to "every creature."

The record is not very flattering. Nearly twenty centuries have passed, and still approximately one billion three hundred million human beings — almost two thirds of all men — have not yet come to believe in Him. Scarcely any of that vast multitude has heard of the great fundamentals of Christianity.

Wouldn't it be truer to say that we are thinking too much of the little we do, rather than of the great amount we leave undone; that we are really interested in converting, not the whole world, but only small sections of it; that the people who are spreading the ideas of hate and destruction are thinking much more of winning all men of all nations to their awful cause than we are of gaining the whole world to the love and peace of Christ? Let's not be halfhearted. Let us be up and doing. Let us do what Christ said: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.

The Poor Man Wears No Badge

by BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD

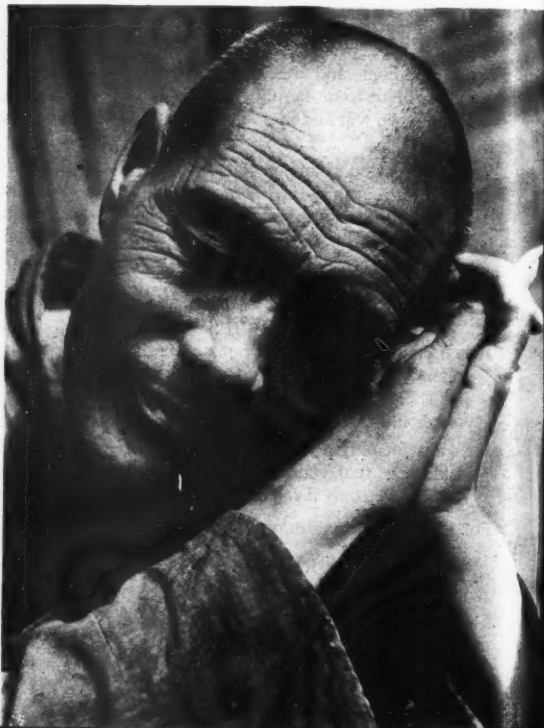
FAMINE in China is a question of degree. Poverty has never been considered a disgrace or a bar to local esteem, and the poor may mingle with the rich without embarrassment in a village; so little do fine clothes or a good table or external show affect relations in China, that there is, for example, no exclusive club for the wealthy, and a man's dress is rarely indicative of his financial condition.

The poor have free access to the social life of a village, and may drink their tea and use the common pipe or fan and contribute their shrewd comments to the conversation on a par with their neighbors. There is no segregation into slums or restricted building areas, and though the wealthy sometimes have more pretentious dwellings, their houses are built in the midst of their poorer neighbors, without snobbery.

Hence, it is difficult to distinguish in ordinary times between the moderately well-to-do and the poor, especially in the villages, that make up eighty per cent of China's population. It is only when famine appears and marks the lintels of the rich that poverty is clearly visible. Then, too, we realize the secret of the good relations between the rich and poor, as it is taken for granted

that the poor of a village have claims on their neighbors' abundance.

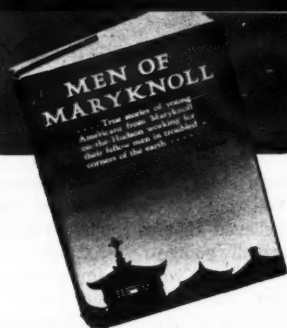
Thank God, famine in China is not followed, as in Ireland and in American slums, by eviction; for the most part in ordinary times none is so poor as not to have a room to die in, even though it be mortgaged hopelessly. But the present war has modified this by its huge influx of refugees who have huddled in temporary shelter or rented rooms. The starved bodies are an easy prey to cholera, and the victims are perforce abandoned.



MEN

of

MARYKNOLL



\$2

The Boston Pilot: "The simple, moving and dramatic story of Maryknollers at work." **Chicago Tribune:** "An impressive book." **Book-of-the-Month Club:** "*Men of Maryknoll* follows the lives of men who have gone into famine, disease, and catastrophe and willingly turned to any

needful field." **Catholic Transcript:** "It is hard to say when there has appeared a book with such power." **The New York Times Book Review:** "A book that sees everything plain but the light is never harsh..." **The Philadelphia Inquirer:** "A book of real men and real deeds."

PATTERN FOR TOMORROW



Joe Conway lives on a farm and likes it. Then along comes the offer of an education and a city job. What will Joe do? His pastor, a country priest, and an uncle, who is a missionary in China, and a long trip over rough roads help Joe to decide. This is a book for young people, but one which the whole family will enjoy.

\$2

LO-TING BOOKS

The Long Road to Lo-Ting, Thomas the Good Thief, The Important Pig, Little Miss Moses, and A Horse for Christmas.

☐ Pamphlet edition of five Lo-Ting Books, \$1.25.

☐ Cloth-bound edition of five Lo-Ting Books in gift box, \$4.50.

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☐ **March Into Tomorrow**
Story of Maryknoll in the Orient, by John J. Considine. \$2.

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Date

MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

Please send the books checked on this page.

☐ \$ enclosed.

☐ Bill me.

NAME

ADDRESS

Maryknoll Want Ads.

"They'll have to die. I can't afford to do anything for them now." You would never say that, if you really believed that a Chinese war orphan was actually going to starve for lack of the \$5 you have in your purse! But you have our word that Chinese war orphans *are* starving — every day — for just that lack!

Which Way? Deep among the trees, with the sun hidden, Maryknoll missionaries must depend on a compass for guidance. A reliable compass costs \$2. Who will pay so much to set missionaries on their way?

What good does it do the Maryknoll Leprosarium that it is an island of peace in war-torn China — when both sides are afraid to go near it? Starvation can kill as dead as bayonets; lack of medicine hastens the progress of the disease. But \$5 buys both food and medicine for a leper for a month!

Winged Words. — Each month long letters and reports come back to Maryknoll from every one of the 350 Maryknollers in the Pacific War area and in the lands of our southern continent. Letters and reports are sent mainly by air mail. Light, thin writing paper is needed, and light, strong envelopes. A year's supply costs \$40. Will some friend contribute this?

Pity the old people of China! Driven from their homes by the iron whips of war, they come to us helpless, asking only food enough to live until peace comes back. Ten cents a day will care for one old man or woman — surely you can spare it!

Living Memorial! Some build chapels and carve on them names they want remembered; others endow a native priest for China. For \$1500 you can equip and train a *man*, to spend his life spreading God's word — a voice, a handclasp, a heart, bringing meaning to dead stones and leadership to empty lives! What better memorial?

Missals, the large book from which the priest reads the Mass, are needed in many Maryknoll chapels and missions. Missals cost \$30 each.

One Dollar a Day supports a missionary in the field — but it costs an average of \$500 to get him there. Railroad and ship and plane tickets may seem perishable things to give; but on the other hand — what use is all of his training if he can not apply it? When you pay part of a Maryknoller's passage to the place of his life work, you make a gift to us, to him, and to the people he will serve! More Maryknoll priests will go overseas this summer.

Maryknoll's Own Chapel, at the Main Seminary, will not be built until after the war; but already plans are completed, and contributions—five dollars or five thousand — will be most gratefully received.

Incense and Charcoal are needed for church services at Villa Victoria, in Bolivia. \$25 will pay for a full year's supply.

Buy a War Bond! Prevent inflation, and make your Bond a gift to Maryknoll.



URGENT MISSION NEEDS

Bolivia

10 Chapels . . .	each \$ 500
10 Chapel furnishings	each \$ 300
Chapel boat	\$3,000
Mass wine . . .	year \$ 500
3 Organs	each \$ 200
Dispensary medicine	month \$ 100
Support of convent .	year \$1,500
Catechetical work .	year \$1,000

Peru

Chapel repair and upkeep for one year:

Puno City	\$ 100
Cuyo-cuyo.	\$ 300
Macusani	\$ 300
Crucero	\$ 200
Sandia	\$ 200
New missionaries' needs .	\$ 300
Rectory, Cuyo-cuyo . .	\$ 500

A War Bond, bought and given to Maryknoll as a stringless gift, will help our country and will help the Maryknoll missions. Purchase **Bond Series F or G** in the name of our special corporate title:

*Maryknoll Fathers Mission
Society, Inc.*





Ride 'Im, Cowboy! Most South American countries, Maryknollers find, are horse countries, where the gaucho, the South American cowboy, is held in honor. Many of Maryknoll's new priests of 1944 will soon be riding horses in Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, or Chile. See page 30 for a word on getting the members of our latest South American mission band to their fields.

